[Vol. 1] THE [No. 19.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON PITY.

How beneficent is Providence, for having implanted in the human breast a sympathy, which if not degenerated by vice and immorality, proves a blessing to mankind! To feel for the misfortunes of others, and to shed a balm of consolation on their troubles, indicates a virtuous heart, and is not even exceeded by charity. When we are assailed by perplexity, distress or affliction, and see a man who is unable to help us, on account of pecuniary circumstances, yet whom we know pities our situation, we feel an almost involuntary love for him, and would even hazard the greatest dangers, to rescue him from them, were there need of it.

The rich man, with coffers overflowing with gold, and who enjoys to a great degree the comforts of life, should regard the unfortunate beggar at his door with an eye of pity, and were he to contribute only a trifle to him, it would cause the happiness of one, and instead of being disadvantageous, would be beneficial to the other.

Rather than ridicule, ought not one of our fellow-creatures who has lost the use of his reason, by imprudence in drinking, to be pitied? Is not the infatuated gamester, who is crazy both at fortune and misfortune, an object of compassion? How much are we obliged, both from nature and virtue, to warn the unconcerned debauchee from his vitiated habits! The three last characters though the most common in society, are but seldom reminded of their miserable situation. Yet there are none, more deserving of our most heartfelt pity.

There is yet one more character, who commands the most sincere compassion, from a certain candid class of men. I mean the prejudiced, incorrect author. O thou unfeeling critic! after thou hast once exposed the dogmatical propositions of such an author, why wilt thou answer his *bitter* allusions? Why wilt thou yet expose his absurd assertions?

Compassionate his miserable situation, and be assured, that his shafts, which appear so piercing, will be blunted, even by the gentle air, before they reach thy head. Permit him to fly on in his own self-conceit; and thou wilt behold him at last, soaring with the most pompous magnanimity, through the boundless regions of——Nothing.

HIRAX.

Washington Street, May 8, 1806.

U

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

FROM SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB.

[*Concluded.*]

It well deserves considering, that these *antient writers*, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very *same hieroglyph*, varying only the story according to their affections or their wit. For first; *Pausanias* is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was intirely owing to the institution of *Critics*; and, that he can possibly mean no other than the *True Critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, *there were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities, and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing took warning of their own accord to lop* the *luxuriant*, the *rotten*, the *dead*, the *sapless*, and the *overgrown branches from their works.* But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; *that the* * Nauplians *in* Argia *learned the art of pruning their vines by observing, that when an* ASS *had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better and bore fairer fruit.* But † *Herodotus*, holding the very same *hieroglyph*, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis.* He hath been so bold as to tax the *True Critic* of ignorance and malice, telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the western part of* Lybia *there were* ASSES *with* HORNS: upon which relation ‡ *Ctesias* yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about *India*, adding *that, whereas all other* ASSES *wanted a* gall, *these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme* bitterness.

Now the reason why those antient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible, as the *Critics* of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound; for so *Herodotus* tells us expressly in another* place, how *a vast army of* Scythians *was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an* ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *Philologers*, that the awe and reverence paid to a *True Critic* by the writers of *Britain* have been derived to us from those our *Scythian* ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors, who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the *True Critics* of their several ages were forced to leave off the use of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: So † *Diodorus* speaking to the same purpose ventures no farther, than to say, that *in the mountains of* Helicon *there grows* [*a certain* weed, *which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it.* *Lucretius* gives exactly the same relation.

§ *Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,*
Floris odore hominem retro consueta necare. Lib. 6.

But *Ctesias*, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the *True Critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those, who deny the antiquity of True Critics. For pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he hath set down these remarkable words:— *Amongst the rest*, says he, *there is a* Serpent, *that wants* teeth, *and consequently cannot bite; but if its* vomit *(to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any thing, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: These* serpents *are generally found among the mountains where* jewels *grow, and they*

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* *Lib.* ---- † *Lib.* 4.

‡ Vide *excerpta ex eo apud* Photium.

* *Lib.* 4. † *Lib.*

§ *Near* Helicon, *and round the learned hill,*
Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill.

frequently emit a poisonous juice; *whereof whoever drinks, that persons* brains *fly out of his nostrils.*

There was also among the *antients* a sort of Critics, not distinguished in *specie* from the former, but in growth and degree, who seem to have been only the *tyro's* or *junior* scholars; yet because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was, to attend constantly at Theatres, and learn to spy out the *worst parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed both among antients and moderns, that a *True Critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his nature; that a *grey* Critic has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *hemp*, which some naturalists inform us, is bad for *suffocations*, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of *Prologues*, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honorable mention, under the name of *Malevoli.*

Now 'tis certain, the institution of the True Critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can *fiddle*, and another can make *a small town a great city*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of Critics, and withal an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a True Critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expence as a *Taylor*; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: That the *Taylor's hell* is the type of a *Critic's common-place-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *goose:* That it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man: That the valour of both is equal and their *weapons* near of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falshood: For on the contrary, nothing is more certain than, that it requires greater layings out to be free of the Critic's company, than of any other you can name. For as to be a *true beggar*, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a True Critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of Criticism, and described the primitive state of it; I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its antient self. †A certain author, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does in his fifth book and eighth chapter say of Critics, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning.* This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect the books of Critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now whoever considers, that the *mirrors* of the antients were made of *brass* and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern Critic*, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be forever the same. For *brass* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast *reflections* from its own *superficies*, without any assistance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a Critic will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible to these.—However I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern Critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits, who engage in so useful and honorable an art.

The first is, That Criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect,

† *A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation*, &c.

is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very *first* result of the Critic's mind: As fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, The True Critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the King is on horseback, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

Lastly, A True Critic in the perusal of a book is like a *dog* at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what guests *fling away*, and consequently is apt to *snarl* most, when there are the fewest *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern Critics*, and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am likely to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their *hands*.

MISCELLANY.

From a Narrative of the Infancy and Youth of ROBERT BURNS, *the Scottish Poet*—Written by Himself.

In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing-school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passion; from that instance of disobedience in me, he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life; and though the will-o-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards, within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly œconomy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!—Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark: a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there I was among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant a l' adorable moitie du genre humain.* My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance: and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions, and I dare say, I felt as much pleasure in being in the secrets of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesmen in knowing the intrigues of half the c[illegible]ts of Europe. The very goose feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the wellworn path of my imagination, the favorite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adven-

tures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage—but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialing, &c. in which I made pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me, but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learned to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon, to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

"Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower."

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her: and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

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SOCRATES AND JESUS.

FROM ROUSSEAU.

I acknowledge that the majesty which reigns in the sacred writings, fills me with a solemn kind of astonishment; and that the sanctity of the Gospel speaks in a powerful and commanding language to the feelings of my heart. Cast your eye on the writings of Philosophers; behold theirs in all their studied pomp, and see how trifling—how insignificant they appear, when compared with the sacred records of the Gospel! Is it possible that a Book so sublime, and yet so artless and simple, can be a production merely human? Is it possible that the person whose history it unfolds, can be considered as a mere man? Hear him speak! Behold his actions! Is that the language of enthusiasm? Is that the lordly tone of an ambitious ring leader? On the contrary what gentleness and purity in his manners! what mildness and affecting grace in his instruction! What elevation and dignity in his maxims! What deep wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind! What delicacy! What precision in his answers to the demands of the ignorant, or the objections of the perverse! What an amazing empire over his passions, did his whole conduct and conversasion discover! Where is the man, where is the Sage, that has so far attained the perfections of wisdom or virtue, as to live, act, suffer, and die, without weaknes on the one hand, or ostentation on the other? That Sage is Christ.

When Plato drew the ideal portrait of a good man, covered with the reproach that is due to iniquity, while he deserved the immortal prize of virtue, he drew exactly the character of Jesus. The resemblance was so striking, that it was perceived by all the Christian Fathers, and indeed it was not possible to mistake it.—Who but such as the tyrant of prejudice, and wilful blindness, hinder from perceiving in their true light, would dare to compare the son of Sophroniscus with the son of Mary? What an immense distance is there between these two characters! Socrates expiring without pain or disgrace, acted his part, and sustained it to the end without much effort; and if that easy death had not reflected a lustre on his life, it would be a question, whether Socrates with all his wit and sagacity, was any thing more than a sophist. He was, say some, the inventor of morality. But what

do such mean? Morality was practised long before Socrates; and he had only the merit of saying what others had done, and of displaying in his instruction, what they exhibited in their examples. Aristides had been just before Socrates had defined what justice was. Leonidas had laid down his life for his Country before Socrates had commended the love of our country as a moral duty. Sharta was frugal before Socrates had praised frugality; and Greece abounded with virtuous men before he had explained the nature of virtue.

But was is from the morals and examples of his countryman that Jesus derived the lines of that pure, sublime morality, that was inculcated in his instructions and shone forth in his examples, and which he alone taught and practised with an equal degree of perfection? In the midst of a people, where the most serious fanaticism reigned, most exalted wisdom raised her voice, and the grand simplicity of the most heroic virtues cast a lustre upon the vilest and the most worthless of all the nations. The death of Socrates who breathed his last in a philosophical conversation with his friends, is the mildest death that nature or wisdom could desire, while the death of Jesus, expiring in torment, injured, inhumanly treated, mocked, and cursed by an assembled people, is the most horrible one that mortal could apprehend. Socrates, while he takes the poisoned cup, gives his blessing to the person who presents it to him, with the tenderest marks of sorrow. Jesus in the midst of his dreadful agonies, prays—for whom? for his executioners, who were foaming with rage against his person. Ah! If the life and death of Socrates carry the marks of a Sage—The life and death of Jesus proclaimed a God.

Will any one say that the Gospel history is all a fiction? Believe me, my friend, it is not so impostors go to work. I see nothing here that has the air of fiction; and the facts relating to Socrates, of which no mortal entertains the least doubt, are not so well attested as those that are recorded in the history of Christ. All your suppositions will be attended with the same difficulty, which removes some steps farther off, but which will return in its full force; for it is much more inconceivable and absurd, to suppose that a number of persons should have laid their heads together to compose this book than it is to grant, that the subject of it may have been taken from the real life and actions of one man. Jewish writers with all their efforts, could never have arisen to that noble and elevated tone—to that pure and sublime morality, that reigns in the Gospel; and the history of Jesus is clothed with such characters of truth, and lines of credibility, that have something in them so striking, so absolutely inimitable, that the inventor of such things would be still a greater object of astonishment, than the Hero of whom they are reported.

LITERARY.

Messrs Munroe & Francis of Boston, are now publishing a superb edition of Southey's Epic poem Madoc. One number is already out, and we are happy to observe that in typograpical execution it rivals the most elegant Philadelphia productions. A specimen of the above is to be seen at the Bookstore of *Cushing & Appleton*, who are authorized to receive subcsriptions.

Salem Gaz.

CALCULATION.

The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,470 every hour, or about 58 every minute.

The inhabitants of the globe are computed to be upwards of 800,000,000 (as above). Of these 481,000,000 are supposed to be Pagans. 140,000,000 are Mahometans; 9,000,000 are Jews. Only 170,000,000 are called Christians.

Cure for Deafness.—Mr. Sitnickoff, a merchant, at Moscow, was deprived for half a year of the faculty of hearing, and submitted to various applications without success. At last he filled his mouth with the smoke of tobacco, closed it firmly as well as his nostrils, and thus compelled the smoke to find a passage through the ears. The next day he felt a crash in each ear, and ever since his hearing has been perfectly restored.

ODE ON CAPRICE.

By the Rev. Mr. Graves, of Clarendon, (Eng.)

Offspring of pride and lawless power,
Whom folly in an evil hour,
The gifts of fortune to defeat,
Brought forth, the torment of the great!
CAPRICE! go vent thy little rage
On vice, deformity, or age!
There tyranize with boundless sway
Nor youth and beauty make thy prey.

With those bright eyes, that blooming face,
That shape, and air, and winning grace,
With all that wit and taste impart,
To hold in captive chains the heart;
Yet, LAURA, with what fatal haste
Your fleeting moments run to waste!
Your spring of life, alas! is o'er,
That joyous age that comes no more!
You captives make—yet not a swain
But soon, disgusted, breaks his chain.
Caprice those brilliant eyes disarms,
An antidote to all your charms;
Fraught with the power to save or kill,
You lovers gain to treat them ill:
To-day you smile, to-morrow frown;
You raise our hopes, then spurn them down;
Now spread, and now contract your sail,
As Fancy and Caprice prevail.
Would any wretch embark for life
With such a fair fantastic wife?
No—rather let me stem the tide
Without a helm my barque to guide,
The sport of waves and varying winds,
Than trust to such capricious minds,
Where whim and passion holds the rein,
And slighted reason pleads in vain.
Tho' fortune on our prospects smiles,
Caprice our fairest hopes beguiles;
Tho' blest with friends, with youth and health,
And all the gay parade of wealth—
With equipage, a mansion fair,
With turrets glittering high in air;
Our lawns extend, our waving woods
Inverted nod from silver floods;
With every earthly means of bliss,
Our road to happiness we miss.
Capricious fancy's dazzling light
Misleads us like a dancing sprite;
Thro' woods & wilds we vagrant roam,
And never reach our destin'd home.
Nature decks out a various feast,
To humour each fastidious guest;
But Fancy, like a wayward child,
By too indulgent parents spoil'd,
Indignant shuns the offer'd treat,
Tho' urg'd by hunger, scorns to eat;
Turns from Mamma with angry eye,
And frets and pouts it knows not why.

The following "Lines, addressed to Mrs. Jones of the Theatre," appeared in the New-York Evening Post, sometime since. Those who recollect Mrs. Jones' Crazy Jane, Blue Bells of Scotland, &c. will acknowledge the justness of the ensuing numbers.

Haste impassioned Bard to greet her,
Hov'ring like enchantment, near!
Lo! the fairy form and feature!
Hark the wood-note wild and clear!

Who art thou so skilled in numbers?
Beauteous, warbling stranger tell!
E'er thy accents broke its slumbers,
Silent lay the vocal shell.

Sure that note so soft ascending,
Mingles with thy bosom's sigh—
'Tis a strain of Heav'n, attending
Virtue to her native sky.

Oh thou'lt melt his soul to sadness
Whom the world hath taught despair;
Oft thy sportive note of gladness
For a while shall cheat his care.

And should it e'er be thine to languish,
Hope, and love, and rapture flown;
Losing all *his* bosom's anguish,
He will weep for *thee* alone!

EARLY LOVE.

If guardian powers preside above,
Who still extend to virtuous love
A tutelary care;
The virgin bosom's earliest dole,
The first born passion of the soul,
Must find protection there.

Never can noon's maturer ray
That charm of orient light display,
Which morning suns impart;
So can no later passion prove
That glow which gilds the dawn of love
The day-spring of the heart!

PARAGRAPHS::::ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following,—Milton, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of Paradise Lost; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the game of whist, after having disposed of the sale of the first impression, sold the copy to the booksellers for *two hundred guineas.*

Several papers have lately published the death of the celebrated Timothy Dexter, Esq. and have annexed to their obituary, biographical accounts of this well known gentleman. Some give him a good and some a bad character. A Newburyport paper observes, that "*his Lordship* still LIVES to read them all!"

THE SEASON.—After reading a long list of marriages in a late paper, a wag observed, that although the season was somewhat backward, there was a prospect of its being a very *prolific* one.

One John O'Furor lately advertised in a southern paper, for 200 CATS, to be delivered alive. We think the advertiser must be a *dear lover* of the "*concord of sweet sounds.*"

A wit bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happininess of a married and single state, exclaimed, what can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down; and in the same tone, by way of self condolent reponse, observed, a-lass! a-lass!

A consultation of physicians was had some time since on the case of an *African*, who was sorely troubled with a swelling. The object was to determine whether or not it was a *white* swelling. We have not learnt what was the result of the consulation.

The poet Thomson was one, whose life was *not* read in his writings. It is said of this sentimental Scotchman that, in one of the darkest nooks in London, he lay in bed in a July forenoon, "festering in his shroud" of blankets, at the very period, when he was composing that animated exhortation,

"*Falsely luxurious, will not man awake.*"

Longevity.—Mr Bingley, in his tour through North Wales, speaking of the healthiness of the vale of Ffestmiog, says, (on the authority of Lord Lyttleton,) that not long ago, there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welch farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had *thirty* children, *ten* by his second, *four* by his third, and *seven* by two concubines. His youngest son was *eighty one* years younger than his eldest; and 800 persons, that descended from his body, attended his funeral. *Lon. Pap.*

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MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Daniel Gilbert, of Brookfield, to Miss Mary Waters, daughter of Capt. Joseph W. Mr. Edward Barnard, jr. to Miss Elizabeth Martin. Mr. Nathaniel Osgood, to Miss Elizabeth Cowan. Mr. Samuel Johnson to Miss Catharine Leach. Mr. Henry Massey, to Miss Sally Graves.

DIED,

In this town, Miss Hannah Barnes, æt. 19.

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